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A
P O E M
T O T H E
M E M O R Y
O F

Mr. Timothy Cruso,

Late MINISTER of the GOSPEL;

Who departed this Life Novemb. 26. 1697.

By J. S.

----- *Quis talia fando*
Temperet à Lachrymis ? ----- Virgil.

L O N D O N,

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15. Decemb.

P. O. D.

TO THE

M. E. M. O.

M. E. M. O.

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A POEM, &c.

DO all the Poets then supinely Doze?
 Will none a Funeral-Verse for Thee compose?
 For Thee, Blest CRUSO, whose surviving Fame
 Calls for a Genius worthy such a Theme?
 Shall only Heroes live in Elegies?
 None weep in Poems when a Prophet dies?
 Shall Scriblers, void of Reverence and Shame,
 With Nonsense blur thy Venerable Name?
 Strow Weeds instead of Flow'rs upon thy Herse?
 And wrong thy silent Dust with barbarous Verse?
 And can thy Pious Friends look coldly on?
 And is there none so Just? so Faithful none,
 Thy Bed of Clay with Odors to perfume,
 And shed harmonious Sorrows round thy Tomb;
 Where Nature seems the Talent to refuse,
 Or Art ne'er touch'd the yet unpolish'd Muse,
 Ev'n Indignation might a Verse produce:
 Can such Neglect e're find a just Excuse?
 Yet would we rather think the dreadful Blow
 Which in thy Death they felt, has stunn'd 'em so,
 That, scarce recover'd from the sad Surprize,
 They think not what they owe thy Exequies.

O may that Heav'nly Muse, that did inspire
 The Royal Prophet's Soul with Sacred Fire,
 And taught him how to tune his mournful Lyre,
 And mournful Voice to Sorrow's melting Strains,
 When he of *Israel's* Princes Death complains;
 When he his *Jonathan's* lov'd Name commends,
 Dear *Jonathan*, the best of Men, the best of Friends:
 O may that Heavenly Muse my Bosom fill!
 Diffuse through all my Soul her wondrous Skill!
 While in soft Numbers I attempt to tell
 The Grief that wounds our English *Israel*,
 Who miss a beauteous Star, that did appear
 With noted Splendor in the Church's Sphere;
 Just had it climb'd to its Meridian Height,
 Then disappear'd, and veil'd its useful Light:
 We hop'd (Ah vainly hop'd!) it would long dispense
 Extensive Lustre, and sweet Influence:
 But soon it vanish'd, for the Powers Divine
 Bid it retire, that first had bid it shine.
 Alas! how soon's the short-liv'd Glory fled!
 [RUSO is number'd too among the Dead!

Oft has the Milky Road of late been trac'd
 By Heav'n's returning Envoys, who have grac'd
 With shining Steps the high Ethereal Way,
 While we in vain have begg'd their longer Stay.

The

The Reverend *Annesly, Vincent, Mather, Cole,*
 Whose Glorious Names shine in Life's Sacred Roll,
 'Mong the Triumphant Followers of the Lamb,
 But lately to the Realms of Glory came;
 And *CRUSO* now, another *Man of God,*
 To the same Bliss the same bright Path has trod;

O Happy Souls, we envy not your Gain,
 Who on Celestial Thrones securely Reign,
 There reap the fruit of all your Toil and Pain;
 Yet 'tis but Just we of our Loss complain.
 So when the *Seer* to Heav'nly Mansions flew,
 And Flaming Steeds his Lightning Chariot drew,
 His lonely Servant struck with deep Surprise,
 Pursu'd the Radiant Track with wondering Eyes,
My Father, (loud he cry'd) *My Father's fled,*
In Israel's Chariot unto Glory led.
 Ah could we but *Elisha's* Portion find,
 Our Prophets Sacred Mantles left behind,
 Their Spirit doubled on their hopeful Sons,
 We should have reason to restrain our Moans!

O *London!* with what Grace hast thou been Crown'd!
 Long hast thou heard the Jubil-Trumpet's sound;
 Our British *Sion* Thou, the blest Abode
 Of *Israel's* Prophets, and of *Israel's* God:

B

To

To Thee our Priests, to Thee our Tribes repair,
 In numerous Crowds to offer Praise and Pray'r;
 Heav'n smiles on Thee with such Indulgent Rays,
Thy Walls Salvation, and thy Gates are Praise.
 But fear lest Judgments fill up Mercy's place,
 And Days of Vengeance follow Years of Grace;
 No longer Heav'n provoke by daring Crimes,
 To cloud with threatening Storms thy Halcyon Times.
 By Tears prevent the Judgments that impend,
 Mark well the Signs that Gloomy Scenes portend;
 How fast thy Prophets have to Heav'n retir'd;
 With what Litigious Heats are others fir'd!
 The Messengers of Peace themselves contend
 Their Master's seamless Coat unkindly rend,
 Ah! where will these uncomely Discords end.
 Can no kind Hands the Widening Breach repair,
 By sage Advice, by softning Tears and Pray'r;
 No Balm in Gilead? no Physician there?

But tell me You, who Blessed CRUSO knew,
 And catch'd the Drops of that Celestial Dew
 His Words distill'd, who the sweet Manna found,
 That Food of Angels he dispers'd around;
 Tell me what Art, what Colours can express
 That sweet, that humble, and that grave Address,
 That graceful Voice, that unaffected Air
 Of Piety his Countenance did wear.

How

How sound his Judgment! how mature his Thought!
 His Notions to what just Perfection brought!
 No flaunting Rhetorick in a swelling Style
 His Hearers did with empty Noise beguile!
 Such weighty Sense in his Discourses reign'd,
 The Learned and the Wise Improvement gain'd;
 Yet in such easy Language he would Preach,
 That Truths Sublime stoop'd down to Vulgar Reach.
 His Speech polite, nervous his Eloquence;
 Not big with airy Words, but big with Sense:
 For bright Ideas, rang'd with curious Skill,
 His Mind with Light, his Heart with Warmth did fill,
 And from his Mouth in decent Order flow'd,
 While every Soul that heard, with Pious Ardor glow'd.
 Zeal mix'd with Knowledg, tun'd his charming Tongue,
 And on his Lips *Suadela's* Graces hung.
 Now he Prophetick Oracles unseal'd,
 Mysterious Symbols and Dark Types unveil'd:
 Obscurer Truths, in Parables involv'd,
 Expos'd to Light, and dubious Texts resolv'd.
 Now he would Sin's Deformity expose,
 And all the Terrors of the Law disclose:
 Mount *Sinai* seem'd again to flash and quake,
 Clouds deeply charg'd with Awful Thunder brake;
 Men dead in Sins would at his Voice awake:
 Cer'd Consciences his powerful Words have felt,
 And flinty Hearts would often rend and melt.

Now

Now into bleeding Souls with Art Divine
 He'd pour both healing Oyl, and cleansing Wine :
 Now shew the Glories of Redeeming Love,
 Describe the Saviour's Cross below, and Throne above.
 O how he touch'd each Movement of the Mind !
 Could various Passions gently loose or bind !
 Raise mild Affections, Ruffling Thoughts appease !
 He knew both how to profit and to please :
 Could all the Soul's Internal Springs employ ;
 Drown us in Tears, dissolve us all in Joy.
 In Prayer how full of Fervor, how resign'd !
 How lowly the Prostrations of his Mind !
 To what sweet Raptures pious Minds he'd raise,
 When to his God he breath'd his Soul in Praise !
 His Towing Soul to Heav'n would take her flight,
 And dip her Plumes in boundless Clouds of Light,
 Praising, as if her Faith were turn'd to Sight. }
 Kind Angels, who are always hovering o're
 Assembled Saints, while they their God adore,
 Applauding, clap'd their Silver Wings for joy,
 To find our Heav'n below so like their Heav'n on high.

Once all these Graces that in CRUSO shone,
 Could make us Glad, but now they make us Groan, }
 And Groan the more that all this Glory's gone }
 Before declining Age presum'd to spread
 Her Threatning Snow upon his Reverend Head.

Who

Who with like Grace shall now supply his Room,
Since he has chang'd his Pulpit for a Tomb?

Pity! such Jewels should be laid in Dust;

But we Unworthy are, and Heav'n is Just.

Ah! that his Tongue should now in Silence dwell,

That spoke such wondrous Things, and spoke so well;

That those blest Lips which Mystick Truths reveal'd,

Should now with mortal Sleep be shut and seal'd!

Insatiate Death! how oft dost thou devour

Long Years of Study in one fatal Hour!

So have we sometimes seen a goodly Tree,

Improv'd by Time to full Maturity;

Array'd with Leaves, with Fruit profusely crown'd,

Its shady Arms expanded widely round;

Above its Fellows rear its Head on high,

When lo a furious Storm rolls up the Sky;

Rends all the Boughs, and strows the Fruit around,

Tears up the Roots, and throws it to the Ground.

Yet when (blest Saint) the Prince of Terrors spread,

His Dusky Shades o're thy Expiring Head,

And Crowding Horrors hover'd round thy Bed;

Thy Conscience calm, thy Thoughts were all serene,

Thou knew'st thy Heart and Hands and Robes were clean,

Wash'd in thy Saviour's Blood from every stain;

And could'st with Joy look *Justice* in the Face,

Seated upon a smiling Throne of Grace.

C

And

And tho thy mould'ring Body lies in Dust,
 Thy nobler Soul's inthron'd among the Just;
 Weary of this low World, she's fled away
 To the bright Regions of Eternal Day:
 In that Immortal Light she guilds her Wings,
 Always Admires, and Praises, Loves and Sings;
 There Seraphs teach her their Celestial Airs,
 To sing with such a Voice and Grace as theirs.

Nor shall thy Body always Sleeping lie,
 But know what 'tis to Rise, as well as Die.
 The Parted Atoms shall again rejoin,
 In a New Mould be cast by Hands Divine;
 Thy Clay refin'd, a Heavenly Form shall wear,
 Bright as the Mid-day Sun, as Angels fair;
 Again be join'd to thy Expecting Mind,
 In close Embraces ne'er to be untwin'd.
 No *Asthma* shall oppress thy Labouring Breath;
 But thou shalt Triumph o're Imperious Death;
 Shalt fear no Danger, feel no Torturing Pain;
 Thy Eyes shall know no Tears, thy Soul no Stain:
 Thy Joys be always ripe, yet always bloom,
 No Clouds eclipse, nor Time thy Joys consume;
 But Tides of Bliss deluge thy wond'ring Soul,
 And Deathless Pleasures in Eternal Circles roll.

An

AN EPITAPH.

A Preacher Pious, Learned, Humble, Wise,
 Who knew with wond'rous Art how to dispense
 Paul's Doctrine in Apollo's Eloquence,
 Under this Stone in easy Slumbers lies,
 Till God shall of his Dust a Structure frame,
 Immortal as his Soul, and as his Name.

FINIS.
